

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance had been determined to use her job teaching high school in Ashboro merely as a stepping stone, but she finds she cannot. One reason is Denis Ford, who is very attractive if a little unreliable. The other is a pupil of hers named Mike Hanson, who is the handsomest youth Carol ever has seen, and who is, unfortunately, in the toils of Annabel Monroe. Carol sympathizes with Mike's determination to shake above his poverty—but distrusts Annabel's intentions.

Chapter 14 MIKE AGAIN

OCTOBER came, prying loose the clinging, dusty fingers of summer. The air was different; clear and heady and foreign, as if it came from far away and brought with it the promise of different, more exciting things. Before long there would be the slow, pervasive smell of burning leaves; and then winter, to make a mockery of the unfulfilled promises of fall.

"Why is it," Carol demanded of Ellen, "that fall is so unsettling? Spring is supposed to get into your blood and make you do rash things, but all spring ever does to me is to make me quiet and lazy."

They were walking in the woods beyond the high school. The woods were still green and quiet, and pencils of sunlight wrote in warm gold upon the ground. How summer in Georgia does hang on, Carol thought, like a woman who won't grow old. . . .

Ellen sat on the trunk of a fallen tree. "Search me. It makes me want to fall in love with somebody entirely different." She chuckled. "Even when I'm already in love fall tries to bust it wide open." She dug thoughtfully in the soft black dirt beneath her feet.

Carol sat down beside her. "Do you ever resent the fact that love is so important to women? Somewhere in the world there ought to be a job I could do well. I might even make a good teacher, and heaven knows that's a crying need if ever there was one; but the idea doesn't set me on fire at all. I—keep thinking about getting married. I do the best I can, but if I thought I'd spend the rest of my life teaching I'd lie down with a tily in my hand and wait for the blessed release."

She added frankly: "I like men so much better than I do women. Even their vices are on a more heroic scale. . . ."

Ellen laughed. "You should have seen one."

"No; I'm too big a coward for that. In spite of all the propaganda women have spread it's men that have the hard time."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" Ellen frowned at her and produced two bars of chocolate. "You scare me. Stop worrying about the universe and eat this before we have to drink it. Wait about school instead."

CAROL laughed. "That's easy. Mike's in trouble and I can't do anything about it."

"That is something to worry about," Ellen admitted with her mouth full. "What sort of trouble?"

"The Monroe brat has him booked and he doesn't know what to do about it."

Ellen looked skeptical. "Who doesn't?"

"Mike. You forget that he's in a strange land now. Four years at sea may teach you a lot of things, but not how to shake off a hussy who was born on the right side of the railroad tracks. He doesn't know he can slap her down and leave her."

Ellen looked sober. "Can't you tell him?"

"I would if he'd let me. But not even I'm brassy enough to dive in without a lead, because I may have guessed wrong."

"I don't believe it's serious. They're nothing but kids."

"That's what you think. Annabel's kind is born a thousand years old, and Mike is a man whose mind won't catch up with his body for several years." She got up abruptly. "Oh, damn! Let's walk."

They went silently out of the woods and turned into the street. The high school was quiet and deserted, hiding its line until Monday morning. Over the front door a huge cloth streamer shouted: "COMING! Joe Bacon, The World's Most Famous Evangelist! Beginning October 10th!"

Carol's eyes hardened. "The circus seems to be heading south for the winter."

Ellen looked hurt. "You're a heathen. It may not be your kind of religion, but they do a lot of good. They say he's converted thousands."

"Yeah? For how long? And to what?" She broke off.

A disreputable Ford groaned and stopped beside them. Somebody shouted: "Hey, Miss Torrance! Miss Sands! Wants ride?"

Three boys grinned on the front seat. One of the boys poured himself over the edge and opened a door bearing the chaste inscription: "Safe may be old, but she still gets hot!" Rather than dampen enthusiasms they got in and were propelled noisily and cheerfully to Mrs. O'Connor's doorway.

The boys were reluctant to leave. They pummeled each other and guffawed, and Mrs. Taylor, cutting zinnias in the yard next door, looked and listened avidly.

Carol said quickly: "Thanks for the ride, Jake. We've got to run. . . ." and dragged Ellen up the walk with her. The Ford churned away.

"That old devil would be there," she muttered. "Hurry up; the bathroom's probably pre-empted fill mid-night already. . . ."

DENIS arrived earlier than usual that night, and Carol came down to find him in the living-room staring into an empty fireplace. For the first time since she had known him he didn't rush to meet her; he turned slowly where he stood, and she looked at him and stopped breathing for an instant.

The room was hushed and waiting. She said finally: ". . . When, Denis?"

"Next Wednesday. Oh, God, Carol. . . ." He turned his back again and the silence throbbed.

She sat down, not because she wanted to, but because her knees were shaking.

"Well. . . we're supposed to rejoice, aren't we?"

"Are we?" He moved across the room, took her hands and pulled her to her feet. "Come on, then; let's go over home and—rejoice."

Mr. and Mrs. Ford were out, and Carol felt a vivid embarrassment at the obviousness of her destination and Denis's. In his father's study Denis took her in his arms and crushed his mouth against hers, then they stood apart and looked at each other. Denis's eyes, she realized incredulously, were as wet as her own. She had never before seen a man cry, and the sight was shattering.

He said hoarsely: "Sit down, angel, and let's talk. . . ." But when they were on the couch he kissed her again, longer and harder than before.

"Tell me about it," she prodded him. Anything to dispel this feeling of a rope tightening about them, drawing them together again.

"It's the Washington job. Hunter's leaving Saturday for Russia, confound him!"

"Don't be an idiot." She tried to say it sharply, but the word sounded like a caress. "You can't sit here forever; you're lucky to get a job. And—I can't think of a better place from which to—laugh at the show. Right at the ringside."

"Yeah." His mouth looked harsh and young. "Only I don't feel like laughing."

"But you will." And a lot sooner than even I think you will, she reminded herself bitterly. Men didn't fall in love as precipitately and thoroughly as Denis with a great deal of practice.

He lifted his head and looked at her. "Carol—come with me. It's fifty a week. We could live on that."

"You know as well as I do that it won't last. You love me now; I'd be an idiot to doubt it. But you've loved girls before, and you'll love a lot more. And for all my loose remarks, I've still got a passion for permanency and stability."

He took her hand and looked thoughtfully at it. "You'd be the best ballet in the world, angel. I can't imagine going haywire if I had you."

"No, Denis."

He searched her face for several seconds, then visibly pulled himself together. "Well, I guess I'm licked. . . ."

She tried to explain her refusal, but her voice was toneless.

"Denis, it seems to me that somebody's always depending on me. Mitty does it, and Pat. Even the most promising pupil in school. Can't you see that I'd like somebody to lean on myself? Tell me again that I'm a coward; I know it."

"No." His voice was as dead as her own. "I guess I'm the coward. But would you come if I made it alone for a while?"

"I think I would. Try it and see."

"I will." He said it quietly, subdued by her passivity. "Now I'm going to fix a drink. And we'll talk about. . . ." He smiled dimly. "What did you suggest the first night? Einstein?"

Carol goes, Monday, to a farewell dinner.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CEMETERY LABORATORY—FALLEN TOMBSTONES ARE USED BY SEISMOLOGISTS AS AN AID IN DETERMINING THE EPICENTERS OF EARTHQUAKES!

THE PEANUT WAS INTRODUCED IN NORTH AMERICA FROM AFRICA—YET IT ORIGINATED IN SOUTH AMERICA!

THE JAPANESE, THE PACIFIC AND THE EASTERN OYSTERS ALL HAVE 3 HEARTS!

"DURING MY 17 YEARS AT SING SING PRISON I HAVE RECEIVED ON AN AVERAGE OF ONE OR TWO REQUESTS A YEAR FROM CERTAIN PEOPLE WHO WISHED TO BE PUT TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR..."

—Warden Lewis E. Lawes

ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT—WRIGLEY'S IS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

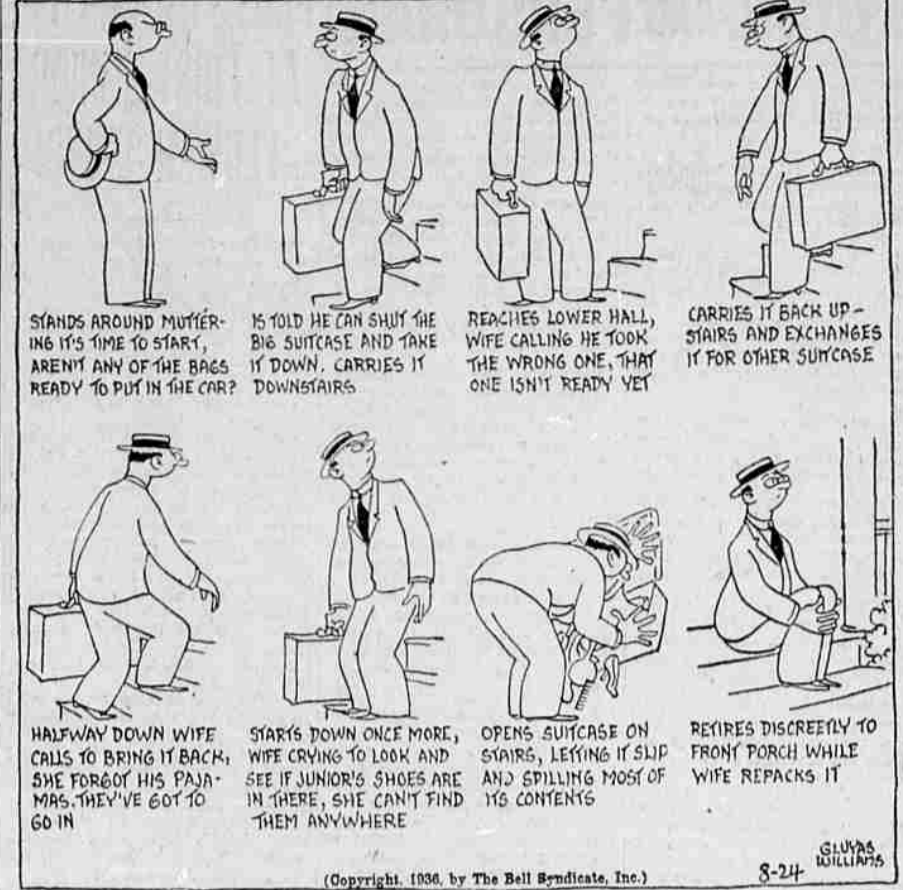
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE FLAVOR LASTS

disagree with the results of the tombstone method as was the case with observations made in the southern California earthquake of 1933. Oddly enough, when seismologists made their surveys for the California quake and the more recent Helena, Mont., quake, it was found that not a stone had been overturned in either of the Jewish cemeteries—both lying in the heart of the disturbed areas! When peanuts were discovered by the Spaniards in South America, specimens of the plant were taken across the Atlantic to Africa, where they were cultivated. It was not until years later that the peanut was introduced in North America after being carried again across the Atlantic by African slave ships.

Omori, a Japanese scientist, advanced his theory in 1891 when he charted the positions of hundreds of overturned stone lanterns after the series of Mino-Owari earthquakes of that year. On the basis of his observations, he contended that columns in open areas will fall parallel to the direction of the earth-wave which displaces them. This theory is still widely recognized among geologists of the world, though modern seismological instruments sometimes

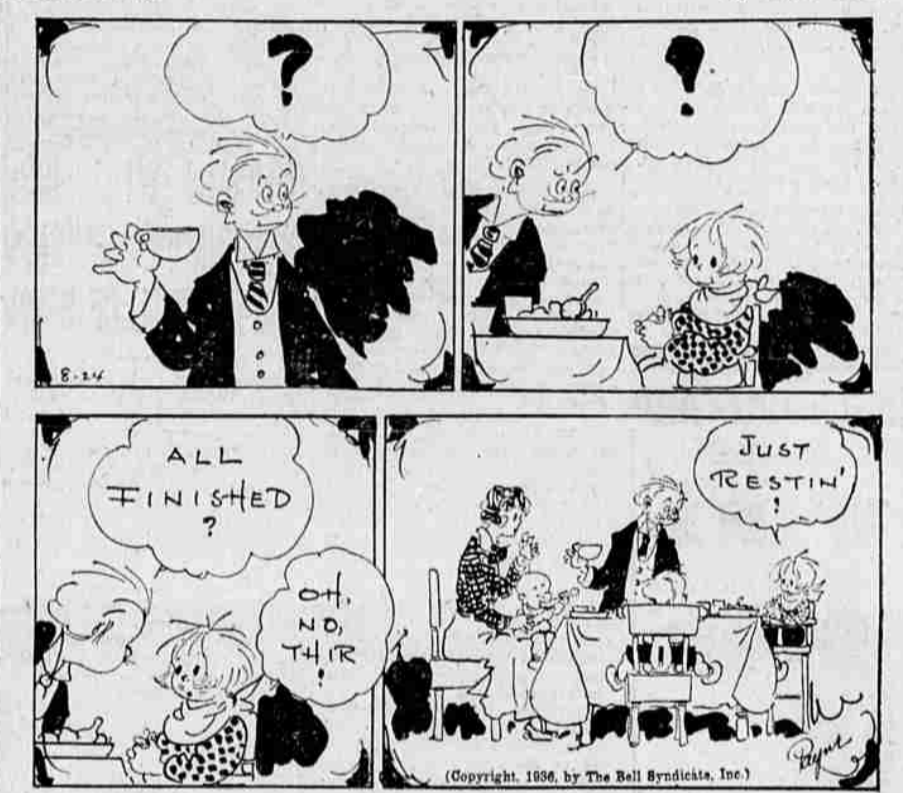
BAGS READY?

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ordered to Fly

Ordered to Fly



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Biggest Chance

Biggest Chance



THE NEBBS—The Kid's There

The Kid's There



RETENTION OF PEOPLE IN PRAIRIE REGIONS IS URGED ON ROOSEVELT

BISMARCK, N. D., Aug. 28.—(AP) Creation of a federal-state board to carry out a program of water and land conservation, less dependence on public grants and subsidies, restoration of credit of individuals and of local and state governments was recommended to President Roosevelt today by his special drought relief committee.

The committee also proposed continued "public" acquisition of lands too seriously injured to warrant restoration by private enterprise.

through co-operation of federal, state and county governments.

A "thorough-going consideration of new great a population, and in what areas, the great plains can support," was suggested.

"The fundamental purpose of any worthwhile program, the report said, "must be not to depopulate the region, but to make it permanently habitable. The drift away from the great plains has already begun and is likely to continue unless remedial measure are taken without delay."

Mrs. Honeyman Hurt

GRANDHART, Aug. 28.—(AP)—Nan Wood Honeyman, Portland Democratic candidate for congress, fell down a flight of steps at her home here yesterday and sprained both ankles.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 28. (AP) Governor Merriam today signed extraordinary papers for the return from Klamath Falls, Ore., of Everett Gooden to El Centro, where he is charged with burglary and escaping from jail.